

METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL—CONCERT.

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THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

DOMESTIC.—The President maintained his improved condition yesterday, although his pulse and temperature were slightly higher; the physicians have charge of his case state that their ability to cleanse his system is such that he will probably enable them to guard against many dangerous complications hereafter. — The eight Mollie Maguires accused of the murder of Mattie Healy in Pennsylvania were committed for trial. — Nana's band of Apaches killed George Daly, prominent mine manager in New Mexico. — The American Association for the Advancement of Science held a session at Cincinnati. — The tenement workers in Chicago have met near Chicago. — The boiler explosion on the tug A. L. Ward, at Chicago, is attributed to low water.

THE WEATHER—TRIBUNE local observations indicate warmer and clear or fair weather. Thermometer yesterday: Highest, 80°; lowest, 65°; average 72½°.

Our London correspondent writes in an interesting way of the late Dean Stanley, and the more personal aspects of his life. He bears testimony to the affliction with which the Dean was regarded by all classes of Englishmen, the poorest and humblest as well as the highest.

The Plymouth Rock will doubtless soon resume her trips, as the Government inspectors see no reason why she should not do so where the steam-pipe is repaired. In view of the popular uncertainty respecting the seaworthiness of the boat, and the condition of the life-preservers, it might be well for the management to see that the Plymouth Rock be accompanied as before by the City of Richmond and at least one tug-boat.

thorough study of the exhibits instead of being a hungry crowd of sightseers. The Fair being much smaller and more compact will admit of more thorough examination. Many things go to show that the Northern manufacturer who underestimates the Atlanta Exhibition will lose an opportunity.

The experience of France demonstrates the inexpediency of commercial treaties. The treaty which Napoleon III. forced on her twenty-two years ago turns out to have been an entangling alliance of the worst kind.

The President's general condition yesterday showed some improvement over the day before. The pulse for the first time since the last relapse fell below 100, and the temperature and respiration were as a rule normal. The evening febrile rise, which was a characteristic of the case before the last relapse, returned in some degree, but was regarded as a favorable rather than an unfavorable sign, inasmuch as the temperature has showed a tendency below the normal point. The same system of administering nourishment as heretofore was followed, and with success, the proportion of liquid food received being increased. The swelling of the salivary gland is not reduced, but is free from pain. Yesterday morning, in the dressing of the wound, it was found that the drainage tube, which has penetrated only three and a half of four inches, could be made to enter for the distance of twelve and a half inches from the surface. A slough, or valve of flesh, which had before checked the ingress of the tube without interfering appreciably with the flow of pus, had disappeared, and it will now be possible, the physicians say, to cleanse the track of the ball more thoroughly.

**THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PARKS.**

It will hardly be argued that the proper ordering and maintenance of the public parks can be secured unless this work is entrusted to a responsible executive head. For some time has been a so-called "temporary Superintendent" which probably means an official who shivers that the routine work of his position — has been supposed to perform these duties. But inasmuch as the parks are not themselves temporary, a supervision which has in it the element of possible continuance, and which recognizes the necessity of some permanent effort toward the development of an established plan, is not altogether undesirable. Perhaps, therefore, it becomes the city to rejoice and be grateful over the announcement that a more or less permanent Superintendent emerged from the ranks of the recent tempestuous sessions of the Park Board in the person of Mr. Ancrion Jones, who is described as a "prominent architect." Central Park might easily wear a more infirm, forlorn and slovenly look than it now presents, but still it sadly needs some tender and tonic treatment, and Mr. Jones may be just the man to administer it. It is the misfortune of the people of the city, however, that they are generally ignorant in regard to Mr. Jones's qualifications for his new place, and before their bosoms swell with grateful emotion in the assurance that under his hands the Park will develop into a realization and adequate expression of the splendid ideal of its designers, the Park Board must give him the opportunity to prove his capability and he must earn a reputation.

Now it would be unfair to prejudice Mr. Jones and assume that he does not know his business because nobody seems to know him. But it is not unjust to say that the people of the city would have more cordially approved of the action of the Park Board if that board had seen fit to appoint as Superintendent some man of recognized taste and training and of well-known experience and success in park work. The care of a great park, which is at once a work of art and one of the highest utility, which has drawn upon all the resources of engineering, architecture and landscape gardening for its design and construction, and which is so extensive that it has cost millions of dollars, assuredly demands some special aptitude and experience. And it is too much to say that the Superintendent of the great pleasure-ground of the first city of the continent, especially when that pleasure-ground in its importance, its impressiveness and its dignity is worthy of the city, should be distinguished as a leading authority in park work? Instead of meaning simply so menial a task to be lightly tossed as a gift to some unknown favorite, the Superintendency of Public Parks in this city should be a place coveted for the distinction it confers, and it should be the goal and summit of the highest professional ambition.

But after all it makes little difference who is Superintendent of Parks if he is not allowed to superintend anything. It may be well enough to have a Superintendent who knows little provided he is to be hampered by the fussy interference of Commissioners who know less. If the functions of the office are narrowed down by capricious by-laws of the Board until the officer has no opportunity for making an independent use of his intelligence and training, or for the free exercise of executive force, or if his advice weighs nothing with self-sufficient superiors, it is quite proper that he should be a nominal Superintendent.

Upon the whole there is a deplorable difference between what is and what should be. Yet the city, with a cheerful optimism, will go on hoping and trusting to luck, and just now everybody will feel inclined to growl at the Commissioners and pray for Mr. Aneurin Jones with special and impartial uncton.

It has been pretty generally understood that church property will not be taxed. But what of a parsonage or a school-house, owned and managed by a church? Ought these to be free? Or should the privilege be limited to the property actually used in maintaining public worship? The tax officers of Pennsylvania are just now busy in revising their policy in this respect. It seems that the Supreme Court of that State has lately rendered decisions that, as the tax laws now stand, only the church edifice proper—the place of religious worship—is exempt; hence it has become needful to assess parsonages and school-buildings throughout the State, which have heretofore been untaxed. Of course, assessors have only to ascertain what the law of the State for the time being is, and to administer it. The general public is more concerned with the question: What ought the law to be?

And this question is the more difficult because it is a triangular one; there are three adverse views. All the officials who are concerned in collecting and expending the revenue naturally wish taxes to be liberally laid, and collected with as few exemptions as may be. The great body of taxpayers wish the rate of taxation kept low; they object to exemption because these necessarily enhance the tax to be paid upon property which is not exempt. They argue that the possessions of churches and benevolent institutions require about the same measure of protection from the State as do other forms of property, and ought to contribute to the cost. Only property actually surrendered to the State ought to be exempt as "public." Some persons wish to sit in church and hear the minister and choir; others prefer to visit the seaside hotel and enjoy the orchestra. It is simply a question of individual choice. If the hotel is required to pay for protection by the State the church should do the same. Let taxes be "uniform." Opposed to both claims is that of those by whom religious and charitable institutions are endowed and managed. These say that the property is consecrated to the public service, to assisting in the functions of government. Every institution which educates, elevates or aids the common people renders the task of governing easier and cheaper, and it is absurd to require persons who give time and money unselfishly for the public good to pay a tax for the privilege of doing so. It is burdensome enough on an investment in church buildings that they must practically stand unused six of the seven days.

The discussion is slowly proceeding throughout the country, with a steady tendency toward restriction of these exemptions. The mandate, "Let taxes be uniform," has been inserted during late years in many of the State Constitutions, with here and there a clause in favor of benevolent endowments. In most of the States, we believe, the property actually used by religious and charitable bodies is still shielded. But in place of the liberality with which the favor was wont to be granted a generation or two ago, is perceived a disposition to inquire, strictly, how the property is employed. As to parsonages and church schools, the rule is not uniform. Buildings of such general character have been declared free by express statutes or decisions in several of the States, while others have pronounced them liable to tax because not directly used for religious purposes. In a decision in Pennsylvania, rendered two years ago the Court split in two, as it were, the building of the Young Men's Christian Association; saying that the upper part, which was devoted to meetings and the reading-room of the society, was free, but the lower story which was rented in stores, must pay taxes.

Surely it is time to abolish the toy pistol. This despicable little plaything embodies more peril to users and bystanders than does a full-fledged firearm. There are very likely cases

styles; one common use is made in breech-loading form, the barrel being between two and three inches long, and the stock about of equal length. In it are fired little detomating cartridges; and when these have no ball it is naturally supposed that the explosion involves little or no danger. But to load the little thing the child grasps the barrel in the left hand, the right in the right, and bends the two apart at the joint, in order to insert the petty cartridge. In this position the shortness of the barrel almost inevitably brings the muzzle against the palm of the left hand. Grasp your right forefinger firmly in your left hand to bend it at the third joint, as if the finger were to be used to be loaded at the knuckle; and notice where the finger-nail nestles in the palm of the left hand. That will be about the spot which is reached by the muzzle of the toy pistol. If the child while holding his little pistol in this way makes the least slip with the trigger after the

cartridge has been thrust in, the charge explodes, and the palm of the left hand is sure to be excoriated. The wound is trivial in appearance; the child perhaps scarcely complains; it does not seem among ignorant persons to need much attention. But the palm of the hand, like the sole of the foot, is a seat of nerves where an injury of the kind may easily give rise to a fatal lockjaw. Dozens of deaths among the small boy population have been recorded this summer, from this cause.

Additional is the danger to bystanders when a ball cartridge is used. The dealers exhort themselves for furnishing these by saying that the ball is a mere pellet. Pellet or not, it is large enough to kill; as was shown by the death of Stella Crane in Newark. Seven children sat upon a stoop playing a child's game—

The act for the protection of children, passed last winter, might well have embraced a provision prohibiting the sale of these pistols, or indeed of any pistols, to children. Such an act should be passed at the next session. Let no one suppose that the constitutional right of the people "to keep and bear arms," which has so much embarrassed general legislation regulating the use of firearms, prevents such a law. The avowed purpose of that provision is to secure a properly equipped, well-trained militia against all interference by Government. It assures grown persons in the right to use the weapons of war. It does not relate to the contrivance of applying them to children, which are not adapted to be useful in the defense of the people. Nor does it exempt children from restrictions rendered necessary by their immaturity. An "act to abolish the manufacture and use of the toy pistol" would be as constitutional as it would be salutary.

The lucky rich man who vanishes with his family from town early in May, and reappears in November, has a vague idea that roses and green trees and soft airs belong only to the country, or to Newport villas or Swiss valleys. Town, he imagines, while he is out of it, to be a desert waste of dust, baking bricks, vacant brown stone houses and malarial fevers; its only population poor wretches who cannot escape from their daily drudgery, and paupers dying of heat and disease, fit subjects for Children's Week or Free Excursion charities. There is a certain grim share of truth in this notion. The cities are never so empty, probably, as they have been this summer. Not only the rich man, but his clerk and chief porter have vanished with their wives and children. The country for two hundred miles about New-York and Philadelphia is turned into a huge summer boarding-house. The mechanic or small-salaried man in town finds that he can board his family in a farmhouse or hire a tent in one of the great seaside camps at about the same cost of living as in the city. Hence the cheaper streets, as well as the more fashionable quarters, are long vistas of closed houses; the steps are covered with a coating of mud, the doors are

Many rain and busy caterpillars spin their cocoons over the door-knobs.

But the alantus and maples rustle as briskly as ever along the sidewalks, the August sunsets blaze redly on the sky overhead at evening, and an invigorating breeze, as cool and fresh as any on beach or mountain, often blows through the streets. If our millionaire could look back at his deserted dwelling, he would probably find the policeman and neighboring provision dealer check-by-jowl on the stately steps eating a melon together. He did not know that the provision dealer was his neighbor. All the rest of the year the poor little man is bashed in his store. But the torpor of trade has sunk down with the August heat through all classes to the little shop and the poor housekeeper. Early in the afternoon the provision dealer leaves business to the care of the boy, and with newly blacked shoes and a haze of sulfate diamond on his white shirt-bosom, steps out to exchange opinions on the merits of the new administration of the President with his neighbor.

doorsteps in their clean calico wrappers; there are abroad in the poorest quarter in these August evenings a sense of rest, a struggling after decency and holiday-making.

At the railway stations and ferries there are huge heaps of baggage, swarms of women in cheap linen dusters, with enormous lunch-baskets and half a dozen children clinging to their skirts, all agog for a day in the country; hordes of pale young clerks and shop-boys, each with a brand-new satchel containing a blue flannel nautical outfit, off for their fortnight's holiday, which they will talk over the rest of the year. One would like to go with them unseen, and bespeak a welcome for the lads from all kindly souls. A chance to steer in a sail-boat, an invitation to a picnic, a day's gunning—how much they count in the list of the few pleasures of the poor fellows!

Up in the great retail shops during these summer days business lags; the dignified floor managers gather into groups and talk mysteriously apart; it is not the rise in stocks or fall in silks they discuss, but a monstrous take in munsieunge which Jones had last summer in Canada, or the chances for trout now in the Rangeley Lakes; a dozen tired shop-girls are hanging over the notion column, arguing as to the relative advantages of Ocean Grove or a farm-house for their "week off"—the precious seven days into which all the fun and health-seeking of the year must be crowded.

In the suburbs of all the cities there are long stretches of little wooden cottages, each with its porch filled with children and pretty girls gay in their airy muslins; there is a hammock swung under shady trees outside, and beds of brilliant geraniums and red velvet prince's feather.

bore, and remain in their own comfortable shaded dwellings through July and August.

They can tell you of the luxury of solitude in the city compared to the noise and flurry of the overdressed mob that is besieging every beach and mountain peak; of sound sleep in their cool chambers and comfortable beds, of delicious

neighbors are renewing their strength on canned goods by day for their nightly battles with mosquitoes and gnats. For society, if they want it, they can have the philosophers and poets of all times, instead of Jones and Jones's wife out for a pleasuring; and as for Nature, the man who wants to go back to her can find his way on a hammock in a town yard with the rustling leaves of a single tree and the changing clouds overhead, as surely as toiling up Mont Blanc or lying on the brink of the illimitable ocean.

Our readers must have noticed with the purest satisfaction the capture at Lynn, Mass., of Arthur T. Merritt, alias the Hon. Alfred T. Marvin, alias Thomas Marvin, alias David Lindsey, alias General Morton, et al. This is the wretch to whom we lately alluded, and who married a young woman in Richmond, Va., and almost simultaneously another young woman in Lakewood, N. J. There is hardly any record of another such a treacherous fellow for leading confiding ladies to the hymanical altar and afterward absconding immediately in search of new victims. In addition to his recent marital exploits it is stated that he was married to two women in this city some three years ago; that a year ago he married a woman in Palmetto; that he has secured brides in Jersey City, Philadelphia, Little Rock, Ark., while he has been engaged to a daughter of an ex-Governor of Mississippi.

the department of forgery, also, this man of many wires has won distinction and considerable money, while he has indulged in various other little episodes of swindling. More than once he has been arrested, but he has always contrived to secure bail and leave his bondsmen in the lurch. At last his good fortune seems to have deserted him, and should he be tried and convicted upon all the indictments which are possible against him, he will pass the remainder of his by no means valuable life in the prisons of various States. Such, however, is his remarkable genius for getting out of scrapes, that we should not be at all astonished to learn that he had been released or had escaped, and had signalized his liberation by marrying, within a month after, one of the girls in New York, another in Philadelphia and a third in New Orleans. He is a man of considerable wealth, for this is a recognized fact, and he has an infinite resource. Since the days of Colonel Monro Edwards, we have had no rascal like him. What limit is there to the chances of a woman who is always ready to settle \$30,000 on his bride!

One may well be curious to know what manner of man is this who so successfully trepanns the hearts of ladies, and takes the money out of the pockets of their papas or other male relatives. We are not surprised that he is handsome of person, and well preserved, that he is a good talker and a retainer of his complexion is rosy and indicative of a long life. He is five feet ten inches in height. He weighs 145 pounds. His hair and whiskers, though bleached by good living and mental anxiety, are plentiful; and, greatly to the grief no doubt of many tailors, he is always well-dressed. His manners are characterized by the reporters as "fascinating." His conversational powers are of the first order. His air is semi-military. His methods of making love are unorthodox, but the facts show them to be well-nigh irresistible. He is a man of great energy, and a little, he and he conquered. Widows and virgins, in the presence of such manly perfection, could not remain cruel, and gave him their hands with their hearts in their almost at sight without grace. But the day of retribution always comes at last. The Richmond campaign has seen too much for even this ingenious knave, unless he talks somebody into giving him his bondman, and runs away, again to be made a slave, to borrow and to forge, and again to humbug the ladies.

It is needless to say that such a man should be caged and kept so. If there were a Society for the Protection of Women, as perhaps there should be, fasciators of this sort might well be the objects of its strictest surveillance. A bigamist is not much better than a murderer, and may turn out to be of the slower sort. Indeed, he is somewhat more cruel than most murderers, for he consigns women to a living death, blasts their hopes, and not seldom runs away with their money. In spite of his handsome figure, conversational abilities, fleet thought, snowy whiskers and Prince Albert coat, which he always wears buttoned up, this much-married man is a mean scoundrel. Many pickpockets surpass him in grades of character. Look him up, put on him a prison garb, deny him the use of a hairbrush, a toothbrush, a clothesbrush, and see him at making shoes.

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There is a possibility that the "Edipus Tyrannus" may be given in New-York the coming season, provided the authorities at Harvard deem it probable that the performance or performances would be well attended. The play is to be repeated at Cambridge some time in the fall or early winter; and it is stated on good authority that if the New-York Harvard Club will guarantee its success one or possibly more representations will be given in this city. Here then is a capital chance for the Harvard Club to perform a real service to the more cultured class of the community. For the produc-

tion of the immortal tragedy of Sophocles would be a positive pleasure to many of those who were unable to go to Cambridge last spring, and who have feared that with the close of the college year the opportunity of hearing the Greek play with the accompanying music of Professor Paine was lost. The stage setting is very simple, and could be easily transported. We trust that at its first meeting this fall the Harvard Club will give this matter its earnest consideration. With its hearty cooperation the success of the play, from a financial point of view at least, would be a foregone conclusion.

Captain Bins, of the steamer *Donau*, writes indignantly to *The London Times* that "the silly attempts of foolhardy men to cross the Atlantic in small boats are becoming frequent." "The experiment," he adds, "has been tried successfully; it is now only a sporting venture, made for money and notoriety, and shipowners should take measures to prevent any further attempt of the kind." It is the opinion of the captain that every ship-master is morally obliged to keep off if he sights a small boat in mid-ocean or off coast to discover whether it is a case of distress. When he finds that he has only time to rescue of "sea-tramps," he naturally loses his temper. This was what happened to Captain Busen. While crossing the Atlantic in the boat *Little Western*, some five miles to the windward, believing that she captured a vessel in distress, the gallant captain altered his course and went to their assistance, when he found that he had been delayed quite one hour by "sporting Americans." In his wrath he writes to *The Times*, and wants something done about it, but what he does not say, and probably does not know.

Why do they call him the Rev. Babeock? He made a speech at the Leo Hartmann sympathizers meeting in Boston one night last week. He said that the Government had "menaced an apostle of liberty just landed on our shore," meaning Leo aforesaid. He declared the deeds of the Nihilists to be "noble and manly warfare against despotism," and that nobody holding a different opinion was "fit to be Secretary of State." He made many other foolish and ferocious remarks, the phrase "scoundrel from Maine" rather predominating in his dynamite rhetoric. We don't mind what Babeock says at all, only he must stop.

The total population of Austria-Hungary by the recent census is 37,744,413, or about one million larger than that of France, and two millions larger than that of Great Britain. The increase in Hungary during the decade was very small—only one-ninth of one per cent.

For once the prophets who predicted that the Delaware peach crop would be a failure were right. It is evident that the yield will be very light, not more than 100,000 baskets, says a good authority. Compared with the bountiful crop of last year, when the Delaware Railroad alone delivered about 2,000,000 baskets, there is in truth a "beggarly show of empty boxes." There is consolation, however, in the announcement that the frost and weather which killed the buds did not injure the trees.

The prosperity of Georgia is at once illustrated and augmented by the diversity of industries which are springing into being in that State. Two companies have recently been organized for the purpose of working the river beds of Northern Georgia for gold. Dr. Little, the State geologist, expresses the opinion that there is more gold at the bottom of the rivers of Northern Georgia than has been taken out of that region since gold-mining began there. These accumulations are due to the fact that the gold is carried from imperfect mining, to washings from the rich banks and to original ore veins in the river beds.

That the Khedive is afraid of his own army is again illustrated by a recent occurrence at Alexandria. A gunner walking in the street was accidentally struck in the forehead by the pole of a carriage and soon afterwards fell dead. His comrades possessed themselves of the body, unceremoniously carried it to the palace and called for the Khedive. He appeared and in reply to their demand for vengeance promised that justice should be done. *The Egyptian Gazette*, while declaring that the victim of carelessness deserves ample retribution, says that the Khedive has ordered his troops against a state of affairs which is not only an incident to be converted into a political demonstration on the part of the mob, but also a gross insult to the Great Eastern. It is to be sold at auction, asks: "Why should she not be converted into a great marine bath or sanitarium, to be moved somewhere off the coast at this reasonable distance of London? If her engines were taken out and all space on board were made available for the accommodation of visitors, the monster craft would afford a more agreeable abode, for fully 1,000 inmates, without undue crowding." The communication with the shore could be kept up by means of her steam tenders, and a short cable might connect with the nearest telegraph office. In fine, the Great Eastern would become a little island, with a pleasant hotel overlooking the sea, and with its monarch, ceaselessly endeavoring to please his guests with fresh pleasures and pastimes, in return for the handsome contributions derived from their payments for board and lodging. And there would be nothing to pay for ground-rent or for the use of the water, and the hospitality would stand under what prospectuses call "the most favorable conditions." But the moorings would need to be of the strongest and the anchorage would have to be a safe one, the commencing drifting down Channel in a gale of wind."

Considerable uneasiness has been caused in Philadelphia by the statements of physicians, to the effect that a vast amount of spurious virus for purposes of vaccination is being put upon the market. Dr. Welch, physician to the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, is reported to have used the following words in a letter questioned on the subject: "For some time past I have frequently met with a peculiar form of spurious vaccination, resulting from the use of some of the so-called 'reliable' bovine virus now being sold in this city by apothecaries. It consists of a pseudo-vaccine, containing at best a little virus, and is usually becoming dense, and of a bright-red color, resembling a raspberry, when fully formed, a nevus or red raspberry. It is entirely different from any spurious vaccination that I have ever seen from immunized virus, and that it is wholly devoid of power to prevent lymph. I have had abundant opportunity to test it, and I have added that the propagation of pure animal virus is not possible, and that the virus that it should be under National or State control, so that it should be of a quality not always to be obtained free of cost. If this is the case, there could be no reasonable objection to the enactment of a law making vaccination compulsory."

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**DISRAELI'S POLITICAL FICTION.**—Mr. Disraeli was politics first, fiction as a born politician and as a fervor of his eloquence and the richness of his fancy, and his political fiction was the natural result of his advantage in the play of his character and the vicissitudes of his fortunes. But even those who differ from him in his views on the subject of fiction, and who are of the opinion that the generation of the 19th century was not the best for the subsequent events, so clearly do they forecast the developments of the future, especially the growth of democracy, with the concentration of power in the hands of the few rather than the many, and his breadth of vision and his extraordinary truthfulness and animation to his political decisions of gospel. He was too proud of his own power to be taken into consideration by the young and to conscientious artist wilfully to misrepresent an age. The considerable questions are ventilated from all sides with the most judicious and the most generous arguments the author hopes to demolish.—*The*

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